and English roses, the dances beneath the moon. When he must go once more she is sent out into the country to be ' safe ' by the Queen's own arrangement. And so again he sails away.

Ah, well! Loti of the novel could not get back, Viaud the author had other fish to fry. Rarahu wrote him letters : " Dear friend, my little Loti, my only thought in Tahiti, 1 salute thee by the true God/' A year later: "I am grievously surprised at receiving no letter from you, because I have written to you five times and not a word from you has ever reached me. Perhaps it has * happened that you no longer remember me. . . . Dear object of my grief, why do you forget me ? " And later again: " O my fragrant flower of evening, my heart is sick to death that I can see you no more. O my star of the morning, my eyes melt into tears because .you do not return/' And

she did not write again.

But in time he had messages from other hands.

The cough was worse. She was tired of waiting.

She was in Papeete. It was definitely phthisis*

She had other lovers. She had taken to rum. She

was dying. She had disappeared.